

Kool G Rap

"Still Wanted Dead Or Alive"

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[Kool G. Rap]

Help me doctor doctor cause I'm seein lots of spots
I'm thinkin of pink elephants with little polka dots
I'm tiredcrazy tiredbut I can not get no sleep
Cause every time I close my eyes I think I'm six feet
deep

I feel I'm goin slow as hell but everything is speedin
Last night I woke up screamin and my bathroom walls
were bleedin

I thought I fell asleep at workbut then when I awoke
I was all alone and had my own hands on my throat
Clippings from the newspaper of murders my library
Sometimes I get a urge to walk inside a cemetary
I looked into a mirror seen a rope around my neck
I smoked a lot of cigarettes, cause I'm a nervous wreck
Tryin to relax, I ran some water in the tub
Vision somebody slaughtered, then the water turned to
blood

I'm runnin down the hallway tryin to reach an exit door
The more and more I run seems like it's further than
before
Voices sometimes tell me what I won't do, what I will do
Voices in my head right now are tellin me to kill you
Filled up with anxiety, I went to Lover's Lane
Seen a couple kissin, then blew out the brother's brain
I feel the world's against me and the women are so
dirty

I hate women today because my mother used to hurt
me

I think I'm goin crazy Doc no longer can I hack it
Please, doctor please, put me in a straight jacket

A lady picked me up hitchikin, what a big mistake
Several hours later, there's a body by the lake
Walked into a train station, headed towards the back
Caught a flashback, and pushed a man right on the
track

I'm in my darkroom inside my house that is deserted
developin the photo of a hoe that I just murdered
I took a walk one night because I wanted to get out
I stepped outside, I paused, and I was back inside my

house

Called up PLENTY doctors, told em all about my health
My phone just plays a dial tone, I'm talkin to myself
Snap back to reality, at least that's what I thought
Runnin from the spirits of the bodies I just caught
I can't escape this hell I'm in, not even in my dreams
I cover both my ears, because I'm sick of hearin
screams

I been a mental case since I was in the seventh grade
Stabbed another student, licked his blood off of my
blade

I got two personalities inside sometimes they battle
When I look at my picture all I see is scribble scabble
I feel I'm really losin it, I need to write to Abby
The characters on TV try to reach right out and grab
me

I always hear somebody talkin bout they gonna do me
But I listen again and it's those voices talkin to me
You heard of shadowboxin? I see mine and then attack
it

Please, doctor please, put me in a straight jacket

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